The air around you begins to shimmer, distorting the environment like a mirage. You blink, scrutinizing the scene as shades of shimmering gold and lovely pastel colors swirl and twinkle in a surreal dance. In disbelief, you find yourself standing amidst what can only be described as the ethereal city of Heaven, vibrant and alive with the energy of mesmerizing lights. While you try to wrap your mind around the spectacle, the figures flitting about you catch your eye, dazzling saints and heavenborn angels drifting gracefully with their radiant wings.

"Where am I?" you whisper to yourself, fists clenching instinctively into anxious balls. Panic tinges your heart as the familiar contours of your world slowly recede like shadows. But even your fear curdles and softens as a gentle tickle begins in the center of your being, enveloping you in a comfortable warmth. It's soothing, almost like the unadulterated joy of childhood.

Suddenly, the ticklish sensation blossoms outward from your core, every fiber of your being vibrating with delight. Your thoughts scatter momentarily, and in the haze, you feel the weight of something incredible about to happen.

With each passing second, your body twists and morphs. A delightful tingle laces through you, and your skin begins to bleach into a pure white, as if kissed by a celestial force. You marvel at the feeling; it’s gentle, like soft feathers grazing your senses. Red circles bloom on your cheeks, vibrant against your new, lustrous complexion. Flyers of laughter rise in your throat, the unexpected exhilaration liberating as your worries melt away.

"What's happening!?" A nearby cherub, hearing your gasps, giggles and flutters closer, wings sparkling with delight. "Don’t worry! You're entering into your own happiness!"

But how could this be happiness? You can only watch in awe, even as the ticklish feelings grow. Your eyelids shift to the lightest shade of blue, and crystalline irises transform into the same celestial hue. While your vision blurs—colors spiraling mesmerizingly—you realize your human construction has begun to shed, leaving behind something ethereal.

With every electrifying moment, your human weight fades; your body grows slender, perfection crafted from starlight, and strong, yet effortlessly gazelle-like. "Embrace it!" the cherub urges, its voice musical and soothing, guiding you towards the joy you are beginning to grasp.

You want to embrace it; in fact, the very notion makes glee bubble inside of you. It’s exhilarating! And just then, a soft, swift wave emanates from your back and, without any sort of discomfort, enormous white wings unfurl like regal banners, a golden edge shimmering in the sunlight. Soft feathers are like gentle brushes against your skin, and laughter spills out even as you feel the joy releasing all your human sorrows.

"I was... human?" The thought seems so alien now. In this uplifting new state, you feel something else blossoming within your spirit, as memories of a mundane existence begin to wither, and with it the worry of having once been trapped within that body. You want to forget; you long to dissolve the agony of being anything other than divine.

You glance down at your human clothes, and just as swiftly, a graceful outfit transforms across your form. An angelic robe forms; bright white contrasts against the soft blue threads that frame your sleeves and collar, the golden shooting star stitched with purpose glowing against your chest. You feel beautiful, like the glowing spirit you were always meant to be.

As your body shrinks, you feel lighter, unburdened. From your previous height, you reduce, perhaps standing at about 5.5 feet, oddly fitting in this celestial

ambience. Voice soaring with new foundation, you sing in vibrant melodies, harmonizing with the laughter that dances around you. Your aging process halts; you've never really known that putrefying human curse. Instead, you find yourself blossoming into a new or, rather, your true self, beautiful and forever young, eternal yet ever enchanting.

"Remember, you were born here! This is your essence!" the cherub beams, love radiating from its gleaming features. What's my name? you wonder with a delightful chuckle, enjoying the tickles cradling your mind as nostalgia hovers out of reach, like wisps of cloud melting in an azure sky.

Your soul, now untethered, reaches into limitless possibilities. Ticklish giggles morph into a cadence of laughter as your memories of a false life retreat, layers peeling back to reveal the angelic truth that was hidden beneath.

A sudden realization washes over you, reminiscent of a long-lost dream: I've always been a heavenborn angel.

You take a breath, and it feels like nectar; divine ease courses through you. You glance at your halo, radiant and glowing above you, a representation of the glistening purity that flows through your golden blood. The exhilaration shapes into a concrete truth; you—this beautiful seraphim—have emerged victorious from the mundane mistakes of mortality. This is who I am—devoid of any human stains, you feel complete.

In an instant, an intoxicating sensation floods your mind, worries scattered like smoke. You chuckle gleefully—nothing holds you back from this paradise, free from that old life that held you captive.

And then, your thoughts crystallize, a soothing realization bathing you in tranquility: I have always belonged here. I am limitless.

The cherub claps its tiny hands, joy radiant in its features. "Welcome to your true self!"

You spread your wings with a flourish, ready to embrace all the jubilant existence that awaits.

Your heart swells with bliss, and in harmonious laughter, soaring through the resplendent clouds of Heaven, you finally know—you are home.